Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1914 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE WAIL OF LOW HUMANITY

[*Dedicated to the Bread-Line*]

Ah, whither shall we look, and whither turn?—
Life's road is bleak!
About us fiercely wrongs and passions burn:
For fairer destiny our spirits yearn.
Where shall we look?—ah, whither shall we seek?
For we are weak.

Up to the silent heavens in vain we raise
Our blinded sight.
Men through the ages, through long years and days,
Their supplications fond, in prayer and praise,
Have raised with looks like ours, and faces white—
Yet sank in Night.

To You, then, who have fought with Fate like us,
And gained a place!—
Who by no aid or gift miraculous
Have fled the Woe, the Vale Calamitous,
But in man's natural might alone, and grace,
Have won life's race,—

To You, O Brothers higher up, we turn!
Our human kin!
Lend *ye* the means for us life's heights to earn.
Uplift with love, where now your brows are stern.
Do *ye* o'erturn for us earth's wrong and sin,—
And let us in.

—JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914. NUMBER 4.

THE VISION.

I thank my God
That I may see the shadows of the clouds upon the hills;
That I may hear the under-tone that through the forest thrills;
That I may see a color and be glad;
That I may see a form and be at peace;
Hear a chord and then be sad.

And though with pen or brush or stroke
I may not bear a part,
I thank my God He lets me hold
The vision in my heart.

The Craftsman. —*Ellen Dunwoody.*

Signs of the advent of a new spirit in the business world multiply, and it is the more significant from the fact that the realm of barter is the last to yield to the impress of the ideal. Enlightened self-interest is discovering some things long hidden by an incredible stupidity. Still, it is never too late to mend, and when commercial associations take up the cry that morality and business must mix, a new epoch has arrived. There is the Rotary Movement, so rapidly gaining in influence and power, whose motto is: *He profits most who serves best.* At its last international gathering held in Buffalo a few months ago, the president, Mr. C. C. Mead of Philadelphia, said:

> The public conscience seems to me clearly to call for high business standards; or, perhaps, I would better say, seems to me to demand that the business world shall deal with the public with a real sense of being servants of that public. Whether we like it or not, the people of our time have firmly and definitely made up their minds to consider business a servant, with the primary purpose of faithful service, and the making of money a secondary consideration. If righteousness exalts a nation, surely it is a bloodless revolution in business which teaches that morality and business must mix.

So it is. Everywhere men are learning that righteousness is the finest common sense; that brotherhood is good business; and hence many things long held to be the idle dreams of visionaries are found to be not only practical but necessary. This spirit is pervasive and prevailing. It is infectious in its enthusiasm. Anyone who has attended a meeting of a Rotary Club has been refreshed by the frank exchange of kindness, courtesy, comradeship, the sense of unity and good fellowship, and the feeling that the injury of one is the hurt of all.

In the advertising world a new and finer spirit is equally obvious and influential. At the last Ad-men's convention a single word blazed from afar, written against the sky in electric light, the motto and slogan of the gathering—the one word *TRUTH.* It made the writer think of the remark of the late Thomas B. Reed anent a certain statesman: "What I admire about him is his enthusiasm over his own discovery of the ten commandmants." These bright and eager men who study the art of displaying the wares of the commercial world have found out, tardily it may be, but none the less enthusiastically, that it pays to tell the truth, and that a lie cheats the liar more than anyone else. Would that at the next convention another word might be lifted out of the shadow and set in the light—the word *REVERENCE.* Why should the name of Lincoln, for example, be used to advertize everything from a cake of soap to a bottle of beer? Why should the name of Henry George adorn a cigar, and his great and simple words on a memorable day, "I am for men," be printed on the box? Why should the face and form of woman be employed in season and out, in all postures of dress and undress, to attract attention to the merits of some notion or nostrum? It is crass. It is vulgar. It betrays a lack of fineness of feeling and an insensibility to the sanctities of life.

Gracious and winning, sturdy and tender, joyous but with a melting pathos, rich in humor and simply and nobly eloquent—such was Robert Collyer. When one saw him and looked into that great face, thereafter the man became an emblem of divine things. No one ever met him in his home, or in the careless freedom of the street, without carrying away a lingering, haunting suggestion that somehow, through this man, there came an echo of a voice divinely clear and sweet. How good it is, then, to have a collection of his lectures, addresses and poems, and it is in accord with the fitness of things that it should be edited by John Haynes Holmes. It takes title from the famous lecture on "Clear Grit," and contains much that has never before been published. So exquisitely human himself, it was natural for Collyer to seek "The Human Washington" and "The Human Heart of Luther." He pays noble tribute to Channing, Martineau, and "Some Old Unitarian Worthies." There is a lecture on Burns, and two on Charles Lamb—whom he so loved—with studies of Hawthorne, Whittier and Thoreau. There is genuine insight in this book, a felicity of simplicity without commonness, glints of wit and wisdom—qualities rare indeed and still more rarely blended. It is a welcome volume, for what it has to tell us not less than for the spirit of the man who lives in it.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Such is the old, old question which, always astir like a seed in the soul, comes to flower on Easter day. *If* a man die—aye, there is the rub, since no one can prove that any man dies, save only by appearance. Still, we have not knowledge, but only faith—and it is better so. If we were perfectly sure, it would destroy moral initiative and alter the nature of the soul. That were the seeing God, no flesh shall dare. Faith is not knowledge, else it might bring both thought and religion to an end. Browning was wise when he said:

> What, but the weakness in a faith supplies
> The incentive to humanity?

As William James put it, saying what it was high time somebody had said, "There is that within us which is prepared to take the risk." Faith says "it must be so," and lives with a vivid and daring kind of courage, working to make it so. Happy those who can inspire such courage—they are the leaders and masters of life.

Of such was Louise Pond Jewell—a woman who did not know the fear of Death, but looked upon the end of life as the beginning of "a great adventure." Her faith in a life after death betrayed itself in trivial acts and caused a friend to say, "I believe it like—like religious things; you believe it like everyday things." Anyone who would know what it means to believe great realities like everyday things—for such they must be if they are to be of any real worth—should read her big, little book, "The Great Adventure." It will put heart and hope into him, rekindle the fading fires of faith, and bring such a renewal of soul as now begins to show itself in Mother Earth as the wee buds begin to peep forth from the beds of wet leaves where the snow has just melted.

The following words were not taken from the pages of a paper devoted to the cause of prohibition, as one might easily think, but from a leading editorial in a recent issue of the *National Liquor Dealers' Journal.* They are for that reason doubly significant, being in fact not a charge, but a confession of fact, fear and failure. They speak for themselves and need no comment. Moreover, they tell the truth:

> The prohibition fight henceforth will be nation-wide, and contemplates writing into the National Constitution a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. To accomplish this result will require the ratification of thirty-six out of the forty-eight states of the Union. Of these, nine are already in line through State prohibition—Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, West Virginia. The last five have been added within a period of six years. In addition to these there are eighteen states in which a major part of the people live in territory made dry by local option, and in which we may be assured that prohibition sentiment predominates.
>
> The most influential argument against prohibition is that it is not effective, that "prohibition doesn't prohibit!" This is not basic or moral; the fact of failure to enforce is no argument against even the expediency, much less against the moral issue involved. Ultimately all questions must be settled by moral standards; only in this way can mankind be saved from self-effacement. The liquor traffic cannot save itself by declaring that the government is incapable of coping with the problem it presents; when the people decide that it must go, it will be banished.
>
> For this the liquor business is to blame; it seems incapable of learning any lesson of advancement or any motive but profit. To perpetuate itself it has formed alliances with the slums that repel all conscientious and patriotic citizens. It deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers, and backs with all its resources the most unworthy men, the most corrupt and recreant officials. It does not aid the purification of municipal, State or national administration. Why? Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness.
>
> The case of the liquor traffic is called for adjudication by the American people and must be ready for trial. Other cases may be called later, but the one before the court cannot be postponed. There are billions of property involved, but when the people decide that the truth is being told about the alcoholic liquor trade the money value will not count, for conscience aroused puts the value of a man above all things. To us there is the handwriting on the wall, and its interpretation spells doom.

Contemporary American Poets

It was a common saying in England, after the deaths of Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson, that the great days of English poetry had passed with the passing of these two men, and that the essentially materialistic character of contemporary civilization effectively precluded the appearance of any worthy successors, and the possibility therefore of a revival of their glory. The fine achievements of Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson did little to discredit this peculiar superstition; on the contrary, it speedily became one of the *ideés fixes* of modern times. But the widespread and enthusiastic recognition so recently extorted from an unwilling world by the brilliant school of younger poets—Alfred Noyes, Stephen Phillips, John Masefield, W. W. Gibson, and the rest—has done much of late to bring about its overthrow. There are actually many Englishmen today who believe that the great days may return, if they are not actually here right now!

It is interesting to note that what is true of England, in this direction, is true also of America. We likewise got the idea that with the passing of the great Cambridge school of poets, and the smaller and less famous New York school, the days of creative achievement in this field were over for good and all. I can remember distinctly the doleful wails, about the closing of an epoch and the passing of an art, which were sent to heaven in the 90's, when John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes joined the long procession of distinguished writers who had passed before them into the great beyond. Stedman and Gilder and Aldrich were still with us "to make glad the heart of man," but they failed of any recognition equal to their merits, and the superstition that "there were giants in those days" still persisted. And unlike our English brethren we are still obsessed with this

extraordinary idea. Poets are all around us, singing as freely and gloriously as ever the poets of the past have sung; and still we talk about our withering materialism, and declare that never again will we meet the men who dream dreams and see visions. To show how utterly ridiculous and false this attitude of pessimism is, and how urgent it is, if we would not be written down as arrant fools, that we should recognize our poets, as England has come to recognize hers, it may be well perhaps just to list the names, if nothing more, of "them that be with us" at this hour.

First of all, I would here set down certain names as belonging to our time, in spite of the fact that they already represent completed work. Thus *William Vaughn Moody* is dead, but his poetry is distinctly the poetry of our own day and generation, and, what is more, in such pieces as "Gloucester Moors," "The Menagerie," "The Daggueretype," "Ode Written in Time of Hesitation," is destined to be the poetry of all days and generations. No era can be described as voiceless which has produced such works as these.

Paul Laurence Dunbar is also untimely dead—but his deathless negro dialect poems and plantation melodies, which are among the most significant productions of our native literature, belong to us and not to any earlier period of our literary development.

And *Richard Hovey*—dead, too, alas! What fine work was his, and what was promised for the future! But what he did is ever ours, to prove that here, at least, was one who had the gift of song.

Henry VanDyke and *James Whitcomb Riley* are both living, but both have recently printed "Complete Editions" of their poems. It is probably true, as this published fact would seem to indicate, that both have done the work by which they expect to be remembered; and in both cases it is time that we realized that it is work of a high order, and placed our laurel crowns therefore upon brows which have long waited for this reward.

Of *Edwin Markham,* it must be said that he is an old man; and it would be easy to argue, I imagine, that his noblest lines have long since been written and given to the world. But not so can I believe! Markham's soul is still as young as the morning, and his vision as clear as the mounting sun. There is no weakening in his thought, no waning power in his verse, no failing grasp of men and things! He is as contemporary as the youngest of our modern bards, and I am quite ready to prophecy that "greater things than these" which he has already done "shall (he) do." I regard Markham as our greatest poet in these days, and offer him alone, if need be, as an all-sufficient answer to the assertion that the days of American poesy have passed.

It is when we come, however, to those who are still busy with their work, and especially to the distinctively younger men, that the real promise, if not the actual greatness, of our age may best be seen.

George Edward Woodberry was born but three years after VanDyke, but still am I tempted to class him among the active poets of the day, for it is since 1903, when "Poems" was published, that he has made his real contributions to our poetic literature, and he has certainly shown no intention of publishing completed editions of his writings. Not a great singer, not a master workman, never a writer to win and hold a popular audience, still he is an artist in the best sense of the word, a true disciple of the muse, and a literary figure of whom we may well be proud.

Clinton Scollard has been writing abundantly these twenty years and more, and still the gushing stream of light and love flows on. No poet among us writes more easily or more charmingly. Never rising to great heights of eloquence or power, he has maintained an even level of grace and beauty which many an inherently greater poet might envy. More than a volume a year has been his publishing average since 1884, but few could easily be spared.

Bliss Carman, like Clinton Scollard, has long been singing to us, but like Scollard also, he is a welcome minstrel! Glad comrade for many years of the departed Hovey, his voice has lifted its own song, clear and strong. Lover always of nature, he has interpreted her with a joy and sympathy which are perhaps unmatched by any rival singer of our time.

Edwin Robinson, hailed not without some reason by Mr. Roosevelt as our greatest poet, and yet as unrecognized today as was Robert Bridges previous to his appointment as poet laureate, is again another all-sufficient refutation of the current complaint that we are producing no poetry in America. Here is poetry which is strong, not seldom beautiful, and always dignified and impressive. This man's work is destined to carry far into the future, if not widely in the present.

Percy Mackaye we all know, at least through his dramas. Baffling at times, disappointing frequently, now and then soaring heavenward like an eagle only to tumble to earth with broken wings, he is yet to be numbered among the truest poets of our time. It is very distinctly evident that he has not found himself as yet. But once he does, we may well expect great things. For myself I believe that a deliberate return to the field of poetic drama, where first his voice carried, is the road to his salvation.

Josephine Preston Peabody—how true a poet and how essentially a woman in her art! "Marlowe," "The Piper," "The Singing Man" and many, many of the smaller pieces—how lovely they all are, and how steadily step by step they mount in power and beauty. With this writer there are few disappointments and innumerable delights. If not our greatest artist at

this moment, she is incomparably our most promising.

Olive Dargan is not so well known as these others whom I have named, but no list would be complete without her name. No more serious work is being done today by any writer than that which is to be found in her poetic dramas—and no work more worthy of respect. Profound in thought, concise and vivid expression, mounting now and then to rapturous heights and moving always with splendid sweep and power, she is a poet of the poets, if not of the people.

And so the list might be lengthened! Robert Haven Schauffler, Charles Hanson Towne, Witter Bynner, Hermann Hagedorn, and others, cannot be neglected in any complete accounting. But surely my point is now made clear. Our age is certainly materialistic, our civilization predominantly ugly and prosaic. But the poet is still with us, singing undoubtedly against tremendous odds—a nightingale in a steel foundry—but still he is singing. And some day the roar will be stilled, at least at intervals, and the music of his song will at last be clearly heard!

Church of the Messiah.
New York City.
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A LUMP OF CLAY.

Deep buried in a bed
Of curling leaves and petals red
From a blooming rosebush shed
Upon the floor, forgotten lay
The sculptor's lump of clay.
With careless hand the proud knight brushed aside
The leafy quilt and there a treasure spied.
Inhaling gratefully its breath he cried:
"What substance rare is this I scent?
From what sweet bower of heaven camest thou?
No earthly source this perfume could have lent,
No part in our coarse dirt was thine, I trow."

But promptly the lump replied: "Nay, nay,
I was, like thee, only a piece of clay
That in the ground, unvalued, lay,
Until the rose's company
Its own blest fragrance gave to me.
'Twas thus my lips new breath and my blushing face
Have gained some claim to finer grace
And this poor bit of common earth
Is prized as never it was worth.
So she thou wedst this noonday, will,
With God's help, make a man of thee,
If only thou hast wit to see
How love thy acrid heart may fill
With sacred sweetness; yea, may turn
Life's clay to gold; the flames that burn
May change to home's pure altar fire,
And, as her loftier aims inspire
To nobler acts, thy knighthood's dream-ideal
Shall be transmuted to a living real."

Then reverently the proud knight bowed
And kissed the lump of clay;
But not one word aloud
Of his deep thoughts would say.

JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, PH. D.

THE PULPIT

The Will of Man

A Sermon
By REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"I will arise and go to my father."
Luke xv:18.
"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."
John vii:17.

It may be only a fancy, but it often seems that in each stage of our human advance, some one power of the mind takes the throne and holds sway. First we see the imagination running riot in the tropical splendor of the old mythologies—peopling earth and sea and air with winged forms. Then conscience came to power and men fell under the spell of its edicts. Later on man became a rationalist and began to analyze and question the visions of his fancy, as the Greek thinkers did the gods of Olympus. And as one faculty of the mind after another flowered forth it altered, in many ways, the human outlook upon life.

At any rate, in our day the power in which man rejoices, and upon which he lays most stress, is the will, as though he had suddenly become aware of a new element in life. Many things have helped to this discovery, most potent of all, perhaps, being the new sense of mastery over the forces of nature. Fifty years ago science gave a reading of nature which made it seem unfriendly, if not actually hostile, to mankind. Gentle souls were horrified at the vision of "nature red in tooth and claw," and the faith of many was shaken. Huxley declared open war on the ground that since nature lends no aid to our moral ideals, we must defy her and fight for our ideals; fight alone if need be. Happily we have found that mother nature is not an enemy but a friend, but her challenge to man evoked in him a sense of power, and with it a hope, such as he had hardly known before.

Taken at their face value, many facts of life seem to be unmanageable, but we cannot read them aright until we view them in the light of the creative will of man. From this point of view they are more plastic, and even the most distracting confusions of the world yield a measure of obedience to the human will. Men now see that we have no right to sit down before even our most refractory problem, whether of personality or of society, and wait for the solution to arrive from without. We must master our difficulties by the power of thought and will, and in the final grapple victory lies in making them melt away into modes of our own being. God meets with man on the basis of creative purpose. His seeming indifference and silence are a friendly challenge to that in man most akin to himself. He asks no tame submission to the world as it is, but calls man to build the world as it ought to be. Such is the vision of things by which we are ruled in our time, and one may trace it everywhere in our thought and life.

Let me trace it a little way that all may see how far it goes. Take philosophy, and we are soon under the sway of Schopenhauer and his vision of the world as Will—a profound insight, albeit discolored by the mood of the thinker. Since the driving power and

final reality of the world is Will, the master force in man is "the will to live." To this Nietzsche added the Will to Power; and James, the Will to Believe. Hence the emphasis in our day upon the will as the central fact in the knowledge of truth and in the making of character. Modern thinkers, from James to Eucken, have much to say about the will as a maker of truth. That is to say, only as man meets the world divinely does it show itself divine. Then it supports faith; but without such an act of the will, no discovery of divinity is possible. Otherwise the world can have no divinity, but only a menacing materiality, until we throw over it the category under whose dome its holiness can rise visible and actual. This is not make-believe, but the appropriation of reality by the power of the will. Truth cannot live for us, as divine and beneficent, except in the opportunity created by our good will; no truth becomes our truth until we make it so. This is a fact which we can verify experimentally as often as we try; and it is the strongest foundation on which any faith can rest. It is no other than the principle of Jesus that if a man wills to do the will of God he shall know the truth. Hence the great words of Kant:

> The righteous man may say: I will that there should be a God; I will that, though in this world of natural necessity I should not be of it but should also belong to a purely intelligible world of freedom; finally, I will that my duration should be endless. On this faith I insist and will not let it be taken from me.

On the stage, which is always closely in touch with life, we see this new sense of the power of the will take forms of flesh and blood and live before our eyes. Indeed, it has changed radically our whole conception of tragedy. If ancient drama held the bitterness of tragedy to be that man is the sport, the toy, and finally the victim of fate, the modern drama asserts the might and right of the soul to overcome Fate and master it. Therefore, tragedy with us lies in whatever stunts, dwarfs and cripples the soul, and prevents its victory. Hence the demand, so eloquent in our age, for social conditions in which the human soul can stand erect, grow, and by a more abundant life triumph over Fate. So, too, the prophetic vision, flitting through the twilight of our dreams, of a humanity heroic and victorious, radiant with intellect, strong with the gentleness of true gianthood, noble, joyous and free.

Not unnaturally it was Ibsen, the master of the modern drama, who wrote our two great tragedies of the will. What a grand fight is "Brand," moving swiftly like Elijah, stern, unbending, demanding "All or Nothing," offering all, mother, wife and child on the altar of an idea. Such a figure fills one with awe, almost with terror, as we see him alone in the mountains, worshipping in his "ice-church," where he learns, too late, that God is Love as well as Will. On the other side is "Peer Gynt," a most engaging scapegrace, light in his loves, devious in his winding ways, going around difficulties rather than over them, princely in his dreams, yet a pauper in his weakness of will. It is the tragedy of a will not firmly fashioned, showing us a bundle of impulses ill-arranged, lacking unity, the prey to every gust of dream or passion. Of a truth the old Button-maker tells him in the end that he is no sinner in the high sense, and like others must go back to the casting-ladle and be made over. We need not impute dogma to a great artist, but the meaning of Ibsen is so plain that he who runs may read.

Or we might trace the same tendency in the religious thought of our day. On all sides there is a revolt against the older view of the Divine Decrees —a truth noble when rightly stated, but horrible when over-emphasized—in behalf of the creative majesty of the human will. Though hedged about, the will of man is yet real, and the key to faith and character. No one has stated this revolt more picturesquely than Harriet Stowe in "Oldtown Folks," where Sam Lawson comments on a sermon he heard. Let him tell it in his own words:

> Wal, Parson Simpson is a smart man; but I tell ye, it's kind o' discouragin'. Why, he said our state and condition by natur was just like this: We was clear down in a well fifty feet deep, and all the sides all round nothin' but glare ice; but we was under immediate obligations to git out, 'cause we was free, voluntary agents. But nobody ever had got out, and nobody would, unless the Lord reached down and took 'em. And whether he would or not nobody could tell; it was all sovereignty. He said there wasn't one in a hundred, not one in a thousand, not one in ten thousand, that would be saved. Lordy massy, says I to myself, ef that's so, any of 'em is welcome to my chance. And I kind o' ris up and come out.

There are many varieties of force in the world—physical, intellectual, moral, social—but none of these forces can do its work without modification and direction from the purpose of man. Even our ideals are destructive until they become our volitions. Without control our virtues will waste and slay. But as human purpose rises in moral quality it rises in power, so that a perfectly good will is master of life. Who can forget that echoing sentence quoted by Poe as a motto of one of his wierdest stories: "Man does not yield himself to death save only through the weakness of his will!" Thus it is on the basis of the creaive will that man and God establish relations, and share in the divine craftmanship which is shaping the world after the pattern shown in the Mount.

The challenge of God to the will of man runs through all the finer aspects of our life. Faith, hope and character live in the presence of that challenge. Faith does not mean the absence of doubt; it is doubt held at bay. Faith is the loyal resolve which sees the world as it is capable of becoming, and commits its fortunes to the effort to make real what it thus sees. It is an act of the moral will which, in the words of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, gives substance to our hopes and evidence of things unseen. Hope is the resolute facing of risks, and love has a great resolution at its heart. In the same way character is the warp of heredity and the woof of environment woven, by the power of the will, on the loom of life. We are given the rough materials and some sort of design for a house of life, but the will is the master builder. Life is thus a challenge to our creative power, and unless we meet it our lives will be scattered in dis-array, lacking unity and beauty.

Because it is true, as Novalis held, that "character is completely fashioned will," and because it is also true that our character is our destiny, the culture of the will is the highest art of life. This at least is true: By as much as we will, by so much do we live; for to will is to live, and he who has ceased to will is dead, however active he may seem to be. When all is said, the power to form a clear, strong, noble purpose, and, against every opposition, quietly to abide by it,

is the sign of the royalty of the soul, and the mark of its kinship with the Divine. Terrible mistakes are made by the wayward or perverted will, but the greatest mistake is not to cultivate the will, or to pursue a course which destroys its power. He who by animal indulgence, by yielding to the slavery of evil habit, has lost the inner impetus which makes the will a power over himself and others, has sunk out of the category of manhood. Therefore the first thing a man should do is to keep faith with himself, and the last thing he ought ever to venture is to break it.

How can a man cultivate his will? By practice, of course, for only in that way can any power either of mind or body be developed. One may train his will as an athlete trains his muscles, bringing strength out of weakness, firmness out of flabbiness. By a resolute doing of distasteful things, by a stubborn resistance to the pull and lure of indulgence, by forming a purpose and following an ideal, even a weak will may be fashioned into power. It is not easy to do, nor can it be done all at once; but it must be done else we are like a ship without a rudder, going everywhere and therefore nowhere. One temptation resisted makes it easier to withstand the next. Here, as everywhere, it is the putting forth of the will in high moral resolve that makes it strong and firm. If this demands that we be heroic, that is the very reason why we are beset in this world by every manner of difficulty, temptation and peril. Since we are every day in jeopardy of moral surprise and defeat, it behooves us to be alert and active in building us a secure inner defense.

By what method can a man best practice the art of exercising his will? By attention, and the intent involved in attention, as George Eliot has taught us. Much is said in our day about the influence of environment in the shaping of human character, but we must have a care here lest we err. No one is influenced directly by the whole of his environment, but only by that part of it to which he attends. Often two boys go forth from the same home, one to nobility of life and the other to moral shipwreck. That was because one attended to what was most worth while in his surroundings, while the other fixed his attention upon something less noble, or upon nothing at all and drifted to ruin. Every soul has this power of self-direction and option amongst the influences and inclinations urging themselves upon it. By fixing attention upon that which calls up a noble motive, that motive may be made to prevail and rule.

But, it may be asked, how can a man select and fix his attention upon the things which evoke and give scepter to the nobler motives? By having a purpose in life worthy of his devotion and effort. What amazes me more than almost anything else is the number of young men who have no definite purpose and ideal as to what they want to do and be in life. Such a man is a loafer in the world. He cannot justify his existence. Nor is he any the less a loafer because he wears diamond stud buttons and rides in an auto. For all that, he is an aimless idler in this busy "sounding-house of labor" we call the world, doing nothing and therefore sure to be nothing. Like Peer Gynt, he is an easy victim of every fit of fancy, every swirl of passion. It is a high purpose, faithfully followed and loyally served, that gives unity, dignity and power to the life of a man.

When a young man does not know where he is going he is sure to get nowhere. But when he has a worthy end in view, he puts aside whatever interferes with it, turns neither to the right nor to the left, and so arrives. For days the nation has been paying tribute to the memory of Lincoln—a man of clear head, kind heart and unbreakable will. Early in life, when he witnessed a slave auction in the South, he vowed to his God to strike a blow at that abomination; and he never rested, never faltered, until he delivered so terrific a blow that he put an end to that evil. It may not be given to any of us to do such great and far-reaching deeds, but each one of us can attain to fineness of character and firmness of moral will. How grand it is to see a young man vow allegiance to a lofty ideal, and follow it through light and shadow till the night cometh, when no man can work.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can!"

Finally, if a man would fulfill his vows of purity and honor with the fine gesture of a noble will, let him seek the aid of the Eternal Will in prayer. If he has wandered afar, like the prodigal son, let him say, "I will arise and go to my Father," who is rich in compassion. When he is sorely tried by difficulty or temptation, let him betake himself to the source and fountain of power. Daily prayer is the wisest habit of life. Therein a man learns the true freedom of the will, which consists in obeying a Will greater and wiser than his own. Nor can he ever find peace of heart in any other way than by making the will of God his will.

Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart—it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

A Southern Mission

The church to which I refer is the active and growing church at Orlando, Florida, whose minister is the Rev. Elinor Elizabeth Gordon, so well known in the Middle West for her success in resurrecting decadent churches, the devoted leader of a "forlorn hope."

Miss Gordon's work in Orlando is but a repetition of her achievements elsewhere. Her clear, thoughtful and uplifting sermons Sunday morning are followed by parish calls of so helpful a character that the Unitarian Church has already made a place for itself among the many churches of that growing city. The Round Table, the Poetry Hour, Unity Circle, the Children's Story Telling Hour are among the means employed by this earnest minister to contribute to the intellectual and spiritual life of her people and the community generally.

How widely this church touches the lives of the visitors in this tourist city can best be appreciated by the fact that a reception to visiting Unitarians given by Unity Circle, of which Mrs. Groninger Gore, the generous and devoted inspirer of the Unitarian Church in her adopted city, is president, revealed the presence in the assembled company of Unitarians from fifteen states; a fact which justifies the liberal support of this new movement, not only by the Association, but on the part of the annual tourists to the beautiful and growing city of Orlando.

Florence Kollock Crooker.

Washington, March 17.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER VI.

GERRIT SMITH'S ACTIVITY ON THE PLATFORM.

Gerrit Smith was a great traveler, though within a very limited area. So constant were the exactions of his business and philanthropic engagements, that he never felt free to go abroad, or anywhere, indeed, merely for the delights of sightseeing. Members of his household enjoyed the pleasures and the illuminating experience of foreign travel, but the master remained at his tasks. Up and down and across his state, however, in all directions, with frequent excursions into other states, Mr. Smith journeyed looking after his widely scattered land holdings, or delivering eloquent addresses to great assemblages on the various social and political interests that took up so large a share of his thoughts and activities. Here is a sample entry from the Diary, giving one of his itineraries:

May 2, 1837. My wife and I started for New York this Tuesday. The afternoon and evening of Saturday I delivered an anniversary address in Clinton (Hamilton College). Thursday evening, 4th, I spoke on Anti-slavery in Schenectady, in the Presbyterian Church. The next Monday we left Schenectady for New York. Attended anniversary meetings of the American Temperance Union. Wednesday evening I attended several sessions of the Female Anti-slavery Convention. Thursday morning we left New York. Friday evening I addressed an Anti-slavery meeting in Mr. Van Vechten's church in Schenectady.

Another:

We left home Friday morning, Sept. 26, 1845. The evening of the day I "preached politics" in Utica. The next day I spoke on Slavery in Troy. The day following, Sunday, I "preached politics" in Albany. The next day, 28th, my wife and I went to Boston. The morning of that day I was taken sick; at night quite sick, my illness continuing until this day, October 7. The object of going to Boston was to attend the Eastern Anti-slavery Convention, which began 1st and continued three days. Owing to my illness, I was only able to attend a part of two days. Sunday evening I "preached politics" in the Tremont Temple. November 14. My dear wife and I reached home this evening. She went no further than Boston and Chelsea. I went on as far as Salem. I spoke in public meetings in Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Chelsea and Salem.

The phrase "preaching politics" had been deliberately adopted by Mr. Smith. It had been a term of contemptuous reproach. He argued that it was the bounden duty of the minister of religion in times of moral crisis to preach politics. In July of this year he addressed a printed letter "To those Ministers in the County of Madison who refuse to Preach Politics." In it he says:

You well know what "to preach politics" means, in my use of the phrase. The phrase is not original with myself. It has for years been customary to charge the few ministers who are faithful enough to remind their hearers, by allusions however brief and indirect, of the anti-slavery politics of the Bible, with preaching politics. I wished to justify and honor those ministers, and hence I was willing to have my own inculcation of the politics of the Bible pass under the very same name, which was given to reproach theirs.

In March, 1852, Mr. Smith entered upon a campaign in behalf of a Maine Law for New York state, and the Diary mentions speeches delivered in the capitol at Albany, at Rochester, at Utica, Syracuse and Oswego. Later in the year, being made the nominee for representative in Congress from the Oswego-Madison district, he spoke in every town in the two counties. He was elected. In 1859 a convention of reformers placed him in nomination for governor; and though there was not the smallest reason to expect an election, he canvassed the state in the most thorough-going manner. Writing to Mr. May, he declares that he regards the nomination as a call to preach the gospel to 50,000 hearers. The Diary contains more references to this campaign than to any former ones. Under date of September 19 we read: "I went from home 6th instant. I spoke during this absence at Geneva, Rochester, Mount Morris, Angelica, Alfred, Ellicotville, Fredonia, twice in Buffalo, once in Lockport." After part of a day at home, he was off for another round of meetings, covering Schenectady, Ballston, Glenn's Falls, Union Village and Rome. Home again for the briefest rest, and then another tour, this time speaking in Albion, Batavia, Warsaw. October 14 he read an address with resolutions at the annual Jerry Rescue Celebration in Syracuse, and spoke in the afternoon at Canastota. The next period of electioneering included speeches at Binghamton, Oswego, Ithaca, Elmire and Bath. And so on until the eve of election in November. The canvass is thus summarized in the Diary:

I began 16th August and have spent two and a half months at it. My meetings numbered 53, generally two hours and a half long. My traveling to attend them some 4,000 miles. Last week I rode in wagons about 220 miles. How good the Lord has been to me in preserving my voice and my health.

All the large cities were visited and spoken in, and many of the more remote towns. It was a highly interesting experience. Everywhere the largest halls were filled with eager listeners. Often many more turned out than could find entrance. When the votes were counted it was found that 5,446 citizens had voted for Gerrit Smith! Besides the Republican and Democratic parties, the American party had a candidate in the field, so that the vote of the state was much divided. Edwin D. Morgan, the Republican candidate, was elected.

There have been campaigns in recent years in which the candidate of the party drew the crowds and the candidate of another party gathered the votes. The people who thronged the Gerrit Smith meetings were not drawn by idle curiosity, though doubtless many were attracted by his great fame as an orator. The majority probably argued that his election was hopeless, and so concluded not to throw away their votes.[11]

During the years of the Civil War, Mr. Smith was very active on the platform, speaking in behalf of the support of the government. He campaigned for Grant and Colfax and for Grant and Wilson, the two occasions since his earlier career in which he had actively supported candidates of a great political party. These references to his speaking activities have been fragmentary. His life was devoted in very generous part to such work. He had a habit rather uncommon with public speakers. He paid his own expenses, even to the charge for the place in which the speech was delivered, when there was any charge. And these frequent and expensive speaking tours, with his business journeys, involved, as has been intimated, a great deal

[11] In addition to this personal canvass, so intense and strenuous, a daily paper was published at Albany, during the campaign, bearing the title, THE HOUR AND THE MAN. George W. Clark was its publisher and John Thomas, editor. It was "devoted to the cause of Temperance and Freedom, and the election of Hon. Gerrit Smith for Governor;" to quote its statement. It was a real newspaper, also.

of traveling. In earlier years the jaunts were made in his private carriage or sleigh, by hired conveyance, by stage or canal boat. Often they were attended by considerable hardship. Thus an item of the Diary, February 8, 1836, reads: "We left our home, reached Albany evening of the 10th, after a very fatiguing ride through exceedingly deep snows." November 29 of that year appears the first reference to the railway. Mr. Smith and his wife were on their way to Philadelphia, upon a trip combining business and philanthropy. "The next morning," runs the record, "November 29, 1836, Betsey Kelty and Elizabeth came to the city (Utica) and they and Mrs. Smith and I left for Schenectady by the railroad."

Progress in railway traveling is shown in an entry of the Diary nearly sixteen years later, May 20, 1852. We quote:

I return home this evening. This is the first time I have traveled in one day by light, the whole distance between New York and Peterboro. I left New York, that is, 31st street, at 25 minutes past 6 this morning and was in Peterboro 25 minutes after 6 p. m. We were less than 3¾ hours from New York to Greenbush, opposite Albany. We were in Albany and Utica more than ½ hour each. I was in Canastota nearly or quite an hour.

REDEMPTION OF SLAVES.

So far as the writer knows, the first case of a slave redeemed by Gerrit Smith occurred in 1837. The person was a negro named John Roberts. He had been helped to Canada, and as he desired to return to the States, Mr. Smith had purchased his freedom. The man writes, or a friend writes for him, from Toronto concerning his free papers:

Toronto, Aug. 8, 1837.

My Dear Friend:—Permit me to express my gratitude to you for the interest you have taken in my welfare. I have seen a letter from you addressed to Mr. Bidwell of this place, stating that my free papers were in your hands, as signed by Richard C. Stockton of Baltimore, and that I could have them by coming to Peterboro. I had my fears at first, that there might be some mischief in the thing, but Mr. Wilson, the anti-slavery agent, has seen Mr. B. and examined the letter and is satisfied that it is genuine, in your hand-writing. I wish to get my free papers but feel some delicacy about going from here to Peterboro without protection, to obtain them, and if you will have the kindness to send them to me you will do me a great favor. Direct the communication which may contain them with such information and advice as you may please to give, to Toronto, No. 23 Richmond street, care of Mrs. Mary Roberts, and be assured that I shall ever regard you with gratitude as a sincere friend and benefactor.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN ROBERTS.
His X Mark.

Gerrit Smith, Esq.

PURCHASE OF FAMILY SLAVES.

The Diary:

Sept. 7, 1840. Charles Watts arrived. He is one of the servants of her brother, William, whom my wife recently contributed to emancipate.

Oct. 1, 1841. This evening James G. Fuller arrived, bringing with him a part of the family whose liberty he went to the South to purchase, my beloved wife and I deeming it our duty to purchase their liberty. Harriet, the mother, aged about 35; Mary, a daughter, aged about 13; Emily, a daughter, aged about 10, and Malvina, the other daughter upwards of a year old, came with J. G. Fuller. Samuel, the father, aged about 35; William, a son, aged about 8, and Richard, the other son, upwards of three years old, are to come on from Mississippi in a few weeks.

Harriet, a slave girl, had been given to Ann Carroll Fitzhugh during her own girlhood, in Maryland. She had been sold before Colonel William Fitzhugh moved to the Genesee Valley. When it was determined by Mrs. Smith and her husband to find and manumit her former servant, Mr. Fuller of Skaneateles was dispatched upon the quest. He traced her with some difficulty to Mississippi. She had married a negro named Samuel Russell and they were the parents of five children. The family had been sold apart and a separate journey had to be made to another locality to purchase the father and the boys, William and Richard. After the husband, wife and all the children were reunited in Peterboro, Samuel, the husband, was sent South to bring his wife's father, whose freedom also had been purchased in the meantime. When William Sims, or "Uncle Billy," as he was called, arrived, it is doubtful if there was a happier family in all the world. All were together and all were free.

Uncle Billy Sims lived to be over a hundred years old and died in Peterboro, September 23, 1859. Malvina, who was the baby when brought by her mother to Peterboro, is still living. She is a maid in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith Miller, in the mansion to whose hospitable shelter she was brought in infancy. Mr. Smith settled the Russell family in the house in which he had lived during his first marriage, and gave them a deed to it. Malvina (she is known as "Aunt Viny") is the present owner of the house. In talking with Miss Anne Fitzhugh Miller, only a short time previous to Miss Miller's death, about the patient efforts made by Mr. and Mrs. Smith to find her mother and family and redeem them, she exclaimed: "Only think, Miss Nanny, they paid thirty-five hundred dollars for us! Wasn't that an awful lot of money?"

"The awful thing about it, Aunt Viny," returned Miss Miller, "is, that *any* amount of money, great or small, could have *bought* you."

The two sons of the Russells enlisted in the Union army, after it was decided by the administration to permit negroes to serve as soldiers, and were with Col. Shaw at the storming of Fort Wagner, in which that gallant commander laid down his life. They were brave and faithful. One of the two, William, is still living, and in Peterboro.

SLAVES PURCHASED FOR REDEMPTION.

The Diary:

Aug. 1, 1852. I have for many months been expecting some 50 manumitted slaves from New Orleans. Eight of them arrived at noon today. Two of them were married to each other in our church this afternoon.

In due time the others of the company arrived. Several families made homes in Peterboro, others went elsewhere, being provided with land by the same generous hand that had manumitted them. It is well known that the condition of slaves in the far South was much harder, as a rule, than it was in the more northerly of the slave-holding states. It was on this account that Mr. Smith, having determined to purchase half a hundred or more slaves for the purpose of conferring freedom upon them, chose New Orleans as the place in which to make the purchase.

Turning forward to entries in the Diary, after intervals of many years, we discover these references to two of this company of New Orleans slaves:

Dec. 25, 1868. At about half past 11 this a. m. I sat in shop of my neighbor, John West (usually called Domine West), conversing with him about his health, etc. About an hour after I heard that he was dead. He was a precious Christian. For most of his life he was a slave. He came to

live in Peterboro Aug. 1, 1852. He was one of 52 slaves whom I was instrumental in getting out of bondage in New Orleans. 27th. I attended the funeral of the dear Domine this a. m. in the Free Church.

Feb. 17, 1869. Mrs. Maria Howard, one of the company of slaves whom I bought from bondage at New Orleans many years ago, died this a. m. at Mr. Bridge's. How soon she follows the dear Domine, with whom she came from New Orleans!

(*To be continued.*)

To Charles E. Beals

"The Chicago Peace Society, branch of the American Peace Society, aims to be a representative influence in the Central West to discourage resort to arms as the traditional and only way for the settelement of the differences of nations. This influence, to be impressive, must be continuous, and an important medium can well be a single personality. This society, sustaining him with principles and moral energy, has committed its daily mission to its secretary. For it he has secured friends, resources and good will. His gracious and courageous mien has been familiar and potent in colleges, churches, conventions and business offices. He has not cried in the wilderness nor in vain, and the gospel of today will, for labors such as his, become the practice of tomorrow. He has personified the spirit of arbitration and the valor of peace. Lovable and sweet of heart, persuasive and diligent, he has carried the message of the true apostle, and like him, 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' The welfare of our country has been advanced with honor by Charles E. Beals."

The foregoing minute was adopted at a luncheon in the Tower Room of the Union League Club, Chicago, tendered by the Executive Committee of the Chicago Peace Society to the retiring secretary. President Leroy A. Goddard presided. Vice-President Edward M. Skinner read the minute and moved its adoption. Addresses seconding Mr. Skinner's motion were made by Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, Honorable George E. Roberts of Washington, D. C., director of the mint (past president of the Chicago Peace Society), and Honorable William J. Calhoun, former United States minister to China (chairman of the Chicago Peace Centenary Committee). The Chicago Association of Commerce was represented by its president, Joseph H. Defrees, and by William Hudson Harper, editor of its official organ, *Chicago Commerce*. By a rising vote the minute was unanimously adopted and a handsomely engrossed copy presented to Mr. Beals. Accompanying the resolution was a sealed envelope which was found to contain a substantial check.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE DARK

Through the gray fields of evening
There moves on noiseless feet
The silent shepherd of the dark,
When night and silence meet;

And where the last light closes,
Opens the shadowy bars,
And calls from out the fields of space
The white flocks of the stars.

Youth's Companion. —*Arthur Ketchum.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

VII.

The Sibylline Oracles

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

"The Heavenly One
Finished the Earth a common good for all."
Line 302-3—(M. S. Terry).

TEXT: *"For the heavenly Father has given the earth as the commmon possession of all men."*
—*Prose translation.*

We consider in this lesson one of the most mystical developments in literature. The Sibyl, the Oracle, is rooted in classic Greek thought and literature. The word oracle is allied in its root to the words orator and oral, signifying the voice. The Jews, who resented any material representation of deity, were fond of listening to the "Voice of Jehovah," which led the hosts of Israel, directing their leaders, and inspiring their prophets and singers of Psalms. There seems originally to have been but one Greek oracle, one woman, who voiced the will of God, whom Plato described as sitting on a tripod, thus symbolizing her disconnection with the world. Later on, there were nine sibyls well known to the Grecian world, among them being the Delphic, Cumæan, Lybian and Erythræan. Michael Angelo has seized the conception of women in the counsel of the Almighty and used it in his famous frescoes of the Sistine chapel. But these splendid classics in art, the sibyls of Angelo, violate the Greek traditions by bearing books or scrolls in their hands. The traditional Greek sibyl never committed her inspirations to writing, and, indeed, only spoke under conditions of great awe and solemnity. This was a custom of the earlier religions. The old Druids had a saying that the sciences must never be entrusted to writing, but to the mind of the initiate. So also the Vedas were not only originally mental treasures, but to this day are largely preserved in the memory of the faithful. Max Muller, who edited the early Veda classics, corrected his proof out of the memory of certain Pundits in Oxford.

Folk-lore, traditional culture, as the unwritten law of a people, is of great value, and it is a great loss to modern times, with certain compensations, that the art of printing has so crowded out the function of the memory. The hymn-book and the Psalms, now only familiar to us from the printed page, were in the memory of our fore-elders.

Roman tradition tells us that when Tarquin was king, the Cumæan Sibyl offered him a revelation in nine books, which he refused as trash without looking at them. Instantly she burned three of the nine, offering him the remaining six for the same price. Again he refused and she burned three more. By

this time he was interested, and finding something in them, on examination, that concerned him, paid the original price of three hundred pieces of gold for one-third of the original library. Then the story goes that he began to bemoan the loss of the burned two-thirds. The Sibyl could not reproduce them, but suggested there might be recollections, traditions, quotations, of her oratory lodged in the minds of the people. So the king sent his representatives far and wide to gather what was stored in the memory of man to make his collection complete.

Another story impinging on history has it that a great fire in Rome about 50 B. C. burned many of the archives, among which were some of these oracles, and that later, perhaps 60 A. D., another fire burned up what was left. Tradition runs that like Tarquin of old the Roman cabinet sent messengers far and wide to try and recover out of the memory of man the lost treasures of the Sibylline oracles.

These ancient oracles have vanished from history and literature, except as they may be picked in broken fragments from Greek and Roman writings.

In Alexandria, the seat of learning and the cultural center of civilization for two or three hundred years, the Jew was more important in the intellectual, and perhaps the religious, life of the world than ever before. He was more of a Jew in Alexandria than he was in Jerusalem, and he had no anti-Semitism to either inspire or oppress him.

Saturated with the Greek learning of the time, more or less filled with Greek ideals, he attempted to arouse Hebrew inspiration through the culture message of the Greek, an effort culminating in the writings of Philo in Jesus' century.

The same purpose that led to the perpetuation of that literary fiction, the prophecy of Baruch, after Baruch had been in his grave hundreds of years, prompted the Jewish mind to seize the Sibylline opportunity.

For more than three hundred years, from B. C. 150 to A. D. 300, poets, teachers and prophets tried to make popular their teachings in this very fascinating form. A monk about the sixth century gathered them all, so far as available, together, arranging them after the monkish fashion without much regard to chronology or logical connection, into fourteen books, writing a preface which is still extant.

Prof. M. S. Terry has made a complete translation of the Jewish Sibyllines and the Judaic-Christo oracles, which are folded into the literature of the early Christian centuries. The earliest were perhaps written about 164 B. C. and the latest clearly Christian productions 200 or 300 A. D.

Modern scholars find that, as in so many of the old compilations, the collection, divided into books, begins chronologically in the middle, and the oldest part is the third book. According to J. S. Riggs, author of "A History of the Jewish People," this has come down to us, arranged by the sixth century monk, as dated about 140 B. C.

In this Book III we have a description of the world up to the time of the Romans, passing into prophecy concerning the future of Israel, followed by solemn "woes" and an appeal to all mortals to abandon idolatry and worship the true God. It is a successful piece of missionary work, containing potent preaching, philosophizing under the guise of Greek poetry and spreading the old message of the Jews all the way down through history.

Zionist Jews and Seventh Day Adventists take literally the enthusiasm of these unknown poets in Alexandria. But what does it mean to us who are neither Zionist nor Seventh Day Adventists?

First. We find here a tremendously interesting chapter in the literary history of the world.

Second. Here is an indirect tribute to the educational and inspirational potency of poetry.

We are all pretty well at home in the Old Testament and in the New, but of these intervening centuries, so fertile in literature, really the most intellectually active centuries, in so far as we can get hold of them, in the story of the Jewish and Christian religions, we are unspeakably ignorant. We find here an intelligent grasp of life's problems far above anything in the Old Testament. These writers were touched with an internationalism that the Old Testament writers could not know of, which developed as the Hebrew message came in contact with Greek culture.

We have in later oracles an acrostic. Twenty-two letters in the Greek alphabet, the initials of the lines reading "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." The initials of the title spell "ichthyus," or fish, which came to be the mystic symbol of the Christian, found in many rude carvings in the Catacombs.

QUESTIONS

(1) What was an oracle? Give derivation of the word.
(2) To what people was the "Voice of Jehovah" the direct medium between man and God?
(3) What famous persons in history believed themselves to be guided by the divine voice?
(4) Name early classics preserved through oral tradition.
(5) Tell the story of Tarquin and the Cumean Sibyl.
(6) State the purpose of writers of Sibylline Oracles.
(7) What is their value to us?

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT.

When the world was formed and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with a man in the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls,
And he told of better things.

And he led the man forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And he told of the ampler work ahead
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the golden west;
And they look to the light of his lifted eye
And they hate the name of the rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave,
And the madness of war comes into his blood
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong in the light of that eye
March on with victorious songs;
For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent—
A guide to the table-land of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye
And his glance is far away,
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—Hands off; neither the whole of truth nor the whole of good is revealed to any single observer, although each observer gains a partial superiority of weight from the peculiar position in which he stands. Even prisons and sick-rooms have their special revelations.

MON.—The first thing to learn in intercourse with others is non-interference with their own peculiar ways of being happy, provided those ways do not assume to interfere by violence with ours.

TUES.—Certain persons do exist with an enormous capacity for friendship and for taking delight in other people's lives; and such people know more of truth than if their hearts were not so big.

WED.—Yet, little by little, there comes some stable gain; for the world does get more humane, and the religion of democracy tends toward permanent increase.

THURS.—Is the worth to the universe of a certain definite amount of courage, kindliness, and patience, no greater if the possessor of these virtues is in an educated situation, working out far-reaching tasks, than if he be an illiterate nobody, hewing wood and drawing water, just to keep himself alive?

FRI.—Poverty has been reckoned the crowning beauty of many a heroic career.

SAT.—Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. *—William James.*

THANKSGIVING.

Let us all, with glad thanksgiving,
Voices raise in tuneful praise;
Grateful for the joy of living,
And the Love that crowns our days.
See! with gold the fields are glowing;
Bendeth low the ripened grain;
Autumn's plenteous horn o'erflowing,—
Garnered sheaves on hill and plain!

For the flower that grew to beauty;
Summer joy of wood and field;
For the strength to do the duty,
That before us lies revealed;
Lord, we sing Thy loving kindness;
Thank Thee for the blessings known.
If we err, in human blindness,
Oh forgive! we are Thine own!

Life's full harvest we may measure,
As we garner in our sheaves,—
Laden with the golden treasure
Hidden deep among the leaves,
If we sow, with patience tender,
Seeds of kindness, hope, and love;
And all doubt and fear surrender
Unto Him who reigns above.

St. Paul, Minn. BLANCHE INGERSOLL CHAPIN.

Modern Equipment Used in Exploration

Wireless and a modified aeroplane will be used by Sir Ernest Shackleton in his forthcoming expedition to the Antarctic continent. By such means he proposes to keep in touch with his bases of supplies, and also to have communication with Sydney, more than a thousand miles distant. Starting on the Atlantic side, the exploring party will cross the frozen continent, which is considerably larger than Europe, emerging on Ross Sea, 1,700 miles in a straight line from the base. Here a second ship will await them, near Amundsen's base on the great ice barrier. The explorer will determine whether the Victorian range crosses the Antarctic continent and lies in the direction of the Andean range. Shackleton has adopted a motor sledge, equipped with aerial propeller and short planes or wings, which it is believed will give sufficient lifting power to enable the heavily laden sledges to cross soft ice and snow with their burden of more than a ton of supplies at a rate of six miles an hour. The practical value of these aero-ice gliders has been demonstrated during the past winter in Siberia and Canada, and they are expected to render efficient aid in establishing and maintaining advanced supply stations along the route. Both ships attached to the expedition will burn oil and are provisioned for two years. They carry complete wireless apparatus and will keep constantly in touch with the exploring party throughout the trip. The constant communication with the party and with the station on the opposite side of the Antarctic continent, will make it possible to render aid in case of storms or accident, while communication with the world, through the wireless station at Sydney, will apprise civilization of the progress made and give news of the world to the members of the expedition. It will be remembered that Doctor Mawson was able, by means of wireless, to advise Sydney of Amundsen's success over thousands of miles of frozen sea, and while Shackleton's base on the Atlantic side is a long ways from Sydney, there appears to be no valid reason why the experiment should not be a success.

—Popular Mechanics.

"Mona Lisa" Identified by Paint Cracks

The first question asked by the average person after the announcement of the finding of the lost "Mona Lisa" was, "How do the experts know with any certainty that this is the same painting that was stolen from the Louvre?" A big business is carried on in faked works of art, and there are many accomplished artists in the world who can imitate an "old master" so skilfully as to deceive even an expert. But the cleverest imitation falls short in just one particular. A network of fine paint cracks is sure to exist in any painting of considerable age, and no way has ever been found for copying these with minute exactness. Through the paint cracks in the "Mona Lisa" it was easy to identify the famous painting positively. This was done by comparing, inch by inch, a photograph taken after the painting was found in Italy with a photograph made before the painting was stolen.

A curious feature in connection with the theft is the fact that the identity of the man who carried off the painting might have been established immediately if the Bertillon records of the Paris police had been classified differently. On the frame, which was left under a stairway of the Louvre, were found five finger prints. Only one of these, a print of the left thumb, was sufficiently distinct to serve for identification. While an impression of both thumbs is always taken, criminal records are classified by the Paris police by means of the right thumb. With 750,000 such records on file it was impossible to find the criminal with only a left-hand impression. Since his arrest it is found that he is a well-known criminal and that his record is on file with the Paris police.

—Popular Mechanics.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

RUSSIAN IMMIGRATION.

At the meeting of the class in Immigration, January 12, 1914, Mr. Peter Sissman told of the Russian immigrant, Mr Jones presiding.

In introducing his subject, Mr. Sissman declared his inability to give an adequate account of Russian immigration, not only because of limited personal experience, but because the authentic history of any Russian movement must be gathered, if at all, from foreign sources.

The first Russian immigrants came from Russian Poland, of which country Mr. Sissman is a native. At the time of the second Polish insurrection, many refugees went to France, some to England, and others, the poorest among them, to America. These were comparatively few in number and probably of a higher type than the present Russian immigrant. Later, in the 60's, the Jew began to come in from Russian Poland. Some of these learned trades after entering, but most of them were illiterate and adventurous, of the country peddler type.

Early in the 80's, shortly after the assassination of Alexander II, whom Mr. Sissman characterized as the most liberal and enlightened czar of the nineteenth century and since, riots broke out which gave an impetus to another emigration to America. The emigrants of this period were of a different type. There were about 30,000 Jews, a large proportion of students from the gymnasiums and universities, and there was also a large number of merchants with ideals and aspirations. Those who had some education made learning a fetich. Many of these immigrants were forced into productive industries. In Russia the laws did not permit the Jew to own land; neither could he lease it for a period of any length. When they came to this country they formed many agricultural colonies. Large numbers of the immigrants found employment in the tailor shops and factories of New York, in the Stock Yards in Chicago, and on the railroads about Omaha. Only a few took to peddling.

Since 1881 there has been a steady stream of Russian immigrants, the native Russian being the exception. The Lithuanians began to come in during the 90's. Like the Poles, these are in the main unskilled workmen, the kind found in steel mills and mines. In 1896 the Letts found their way here. They are less illiterate than the Poles and Lithuanians, and many are skilled mechanics. The first Finnish emigration, late in the 90's, was due to Russia's attempt to denationalize the people of a country larger than Sweden and of a higher civilization than the Russians themselves. Later Russian immigrants include Cossacks, Mohammedans and various nationalities from the Caucasus and Balkan regions.

In discussing opposition to immigration on the ground of deterioration of type, the speaker questioned the purity of racial types of western Europe. He reminded us that even Russia has made progress; a factory population of 3,000,000 in 1884 having increased to 10,000,000. Cities spring up where factories are established and civilization advances with the growth of cities. Demands and wages have increased and so standards of living have been raised. Altogether there is a different type of Russian today.

In the thirty years since 1881, Russian Jews have entered all learned professions and 90 per cent are engaged in productive pursuits. Two-thirds of Russian immigration at present is non-Jewish, though not native Russian. There are about 125,000 Russian Jews in Chicago.

Mr. Sissman does not consider the character and number of immigrants a menace, as America is able to assimilate a much greater number. To show how environment changes the ideals of the immigrant, the speaker gave his own experience following his arrival in this country at the age of eighteen. It was a most interesting personal account of the kind necessary to an understanding of the immigrant problem.

Reported by— MARY H. DAMEIER.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The University of Chicago this year enters another period of building activity such as has characterized several other years of its history. Preparations are already made for beginning at once two new buildings that will cost together over a half million dollars. Adjoining the Walker Museum and the Law Library, and connected with the former on all its floors, Julius Rosenwald Hall will be placed. It bears the name of one of the university's most generous friends, who is also a member of its board of trustees. This new addition to the beautiful Gothic structures on the quadrangle will house the departments of geology and geography. Special effort will be made by the architects, Holabird & Roche, who designed the University Club building of Chicago, to express the uses of the building symbolically in the decorative features of the facade. The building will cost about $260,000. It will have admirable facilities for furthering the work of the two departments, including an assembly hall seating one hundred and eighty students.

The new Classics Building of the university, which has already been begun, is located west of the group of which the Harper Memorial Library is the dominating building. It will face the Midway Plaisance, and when the Modern Languages and the Hisorical buildings are added, there will be a continuous line of structures a block long, all of which will embody the spirit and style of the Harper Library, at present the most monumental of all the structures that have been erected on the campus during the last two decades. The Classics Building will cost

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over $250,000. The architects are Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, who designed he Harper Memorial Library.

The third building for which the trustees have recently adopted plans is Ida Noyes Hall, intended as a clubhouse for women students. It is expected that the work of construction will begin during the later months of this year.

President Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago will go to China under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation of New York to examine and report on the situation there in regard to medicine, surgery and public health. The president will be accompanied by Mrs. Judson and by a secretary, and the party will include also a medical expert. They will leave Chicago immediately after the University Convocation on March 17, and will sail from New York on the "Imperator" March 21, proceeding directly to Paris and thence to Moscow. The latter city they leave on April 8 by the Trans-Siberian Railway, arriving at Peking on April 19.

President Judson will visit the principal places in China where work of the character in question is carried on. During the heat of the summer President and Mrs. Judson expect to spend some time in Japan, and early in the autumn they may go to southern China, sailing from Hongkong for San Francisco and stopping at Honolulu on the way. The investigations in China will occupy six months.

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THE FAITH OF THOMAS BURT.

Mr. Burt is one of the best known labor leaders of England, and has for several years been the chief spokesman of the miners in England and Wales. He writes as follows:

"I have unshaken faith in human progress, though every day brings something which, looked at by itself and for the moment, tends to discourage the reformer. To uplift the poor and the helpless should be our great aim. We must preach love, not hatred, to achieve this object. We should strive to mitigate or abolish, if that be possible, all false, artificial distinctions that separate us, and aim at the well-being of humanity as a whole. A great poet, Mrs. Browning (I say a great poet rather than a great poetess, since genius has no sex), has said:

'It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner stye;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breath off
The dust of the actual. Ah! your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.'"

—*Exchange.*

SLAVERY EXISTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The press quotes Dean Worcester as saying: "It has been and still is a common thing for Filippinos living in a territory adjacent to that inhabited by Negritos, Tagbanaus, Bongots, or Ifugaos, to obtain children by capture or purchase and to hold them as slaves, selling them to others whenever it proves financially advantageous to do so. Such unfortunates are clearly chattel slaves and often are repeatedly sold and resold." We are glad to have seen the day when humanity thinks of and cares for the rights of the far-away Negritos and all the down-trodder of the earth. No doubt a thorough investigation will be inaugurated and sooner or later, sooner we hope, these outrages will be suppressed.—*Exchange.*

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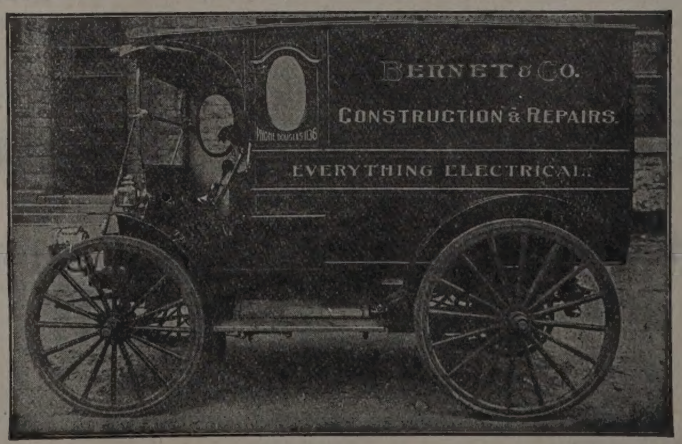

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